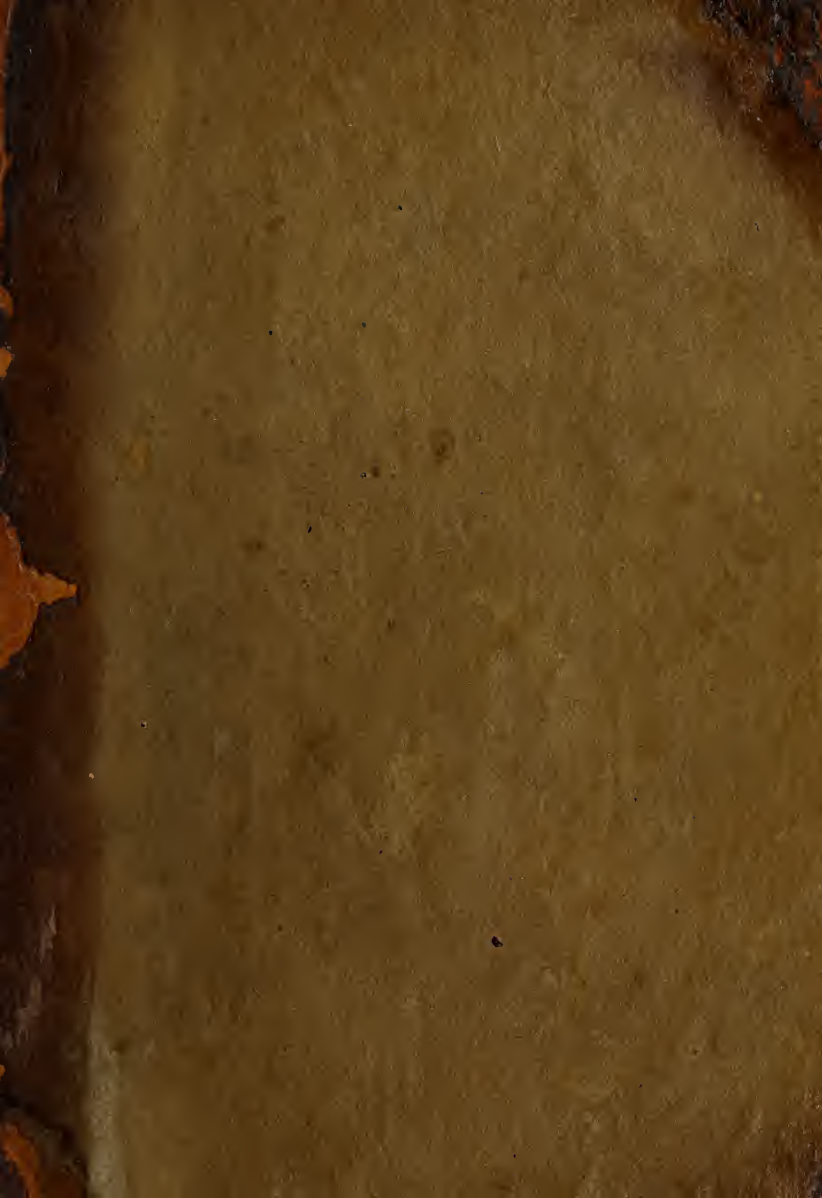
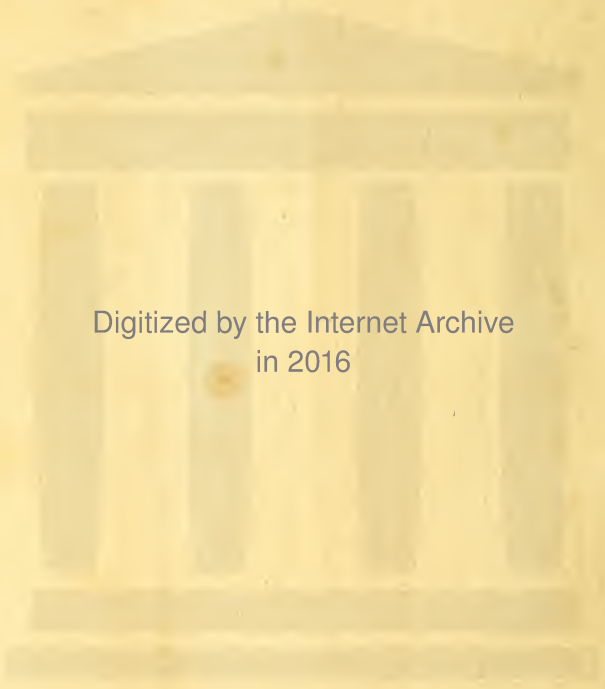








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THE CORONATION A COMEDY.

As it was presented by her
Majesties Servants at the private
House in *Drury Lane*.

Written by *John Fletcher*. Gent.



LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and
William Gooke. and are to be sold at the signe
of the *Greene Dragon*, in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1640.



The Actors Names.

PHilocles.
Lisander.
Cassander.

Lisimachus. •

Antigonus.

Arcadius.

Macarius.

Seleucus.

Queene.

Charilla.

Polidora.

Nestorins.

Eubulus.

A Bishop.

Polianus.

Sophia.

Demetrius.

Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

Servants and Attendants.

1571.6.16
May 1873



The Prologue.

S Ince tis become the Title of our Play,
A woman once in a Coronation may
With pardon, speake the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the Theater, as he
That with a little beard, a long blacke cloke,
With a starch'd face, and supple legges hath spoke
Before the Playes the twelvemonth, let me then
Present a welcome to these Gentlemen,
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Thinke the worse of me for my petticoate.
But to the Play, the Poet bad me tell
His feares first in the title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a straine,
That but once could be seene in a Kings raigne,
This Coronation, he hopes you may
See often, while the genius of his Play,
Doth prophesie the Conduites may runne wine,
When the dayes triumph's ended, and divine
Briske Nectar swell his temples to a rage,
With something of more price to invest the Stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No undermirth, such as doth lar'a the scene
For course delight, the language here is cleare,
And confident our Poet bad me say,
Heele bate you but the folly of a Play.
For which although dull soules his pen dispise,
Who thinkes it yet too careely to be wise.
The nobler will thanke his Muse, at least
Excuse him, cause his thought aym'd at the best,

The Prologue.

But we conclude not, it doth rest in you.
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.
But what have I omitted? is there not
A blus upon my cheekes that I forgot
The Ladies, and a Female Prologue too?
Your pardon noble Gentlemen, you
Were first within my thoughts, I know you sit
As free, and high Commissioners of wit,
Have cleare, and active soules, may though the men
Were lost in your eyes, they'l be found agen,
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of Love,
Be you propitious then, our Poet sayes,
Our wreath from you, is worth their grove of Bayes.

THE



THE CORONATION.

Actus. I.

Enter Philocles and Lisander.

Phi.

Ake way for my Lord Protector.

Lisa. Your graces servants.

Enter Cassander and Lisimachus.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting, where's *Li-*

Lis. I waite upon you sir. (*simachus*)

Cas. The Queene looks pleasant
This morning, does she not?

Lis. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.

Cas. She does consult
Her safety in't, for I must tell thee boy;
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in *Epire*, to
Settle our owne, and uncontrouled greatnesse;
But since she carries her selfe so fairely,
I am content to expect, and by her marriage
Secure thy fortune, that's all my ambition.

B

Now,

The Coronation.

Now, be still carefull in thy applications
To her, I must attend other affaires,
Returne, and use what art thou canst to lay
More charmes of love upon her.

Lis. I presume
Shee alwayes speakes the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happinesse on earth then she encourages
Me to expect.

Cas. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her Father to engage
A tie betweene our families, and she
Hath playd her best discretion to allow it;
But we lose time in conference, waite on her,
And be what thou wert borne for, King of *Epire*,
I must away.

Exit.

Lis. Successse ever attend you.
Is not the Queene yet coming forth?

Lisa. Your servant,
You may command our duties,
This is the Court starre *Philocles*.

Phi. The starre that we must saile by.

Lisa. All must borrow
A light from him, the young Queene directs all
Her favours that way.

Phi. Hees a noble Gentleman
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the son of such a Father.

Lisa. Peace, remember he is Lord Protector.

Phil. We have more need of Heavens protection
I th meane time, I wonder the old King
Did in his life designe him for the office.

Lisa. He might suspect his faith, I have heard when
The King who was no *Epirote* advanc'd
His claime, *Cassander*, our Protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him roughly with his faction,
But forc'd to yeeld had faire conditions,
And was declar'd by the whole state next heire

The Coronation.

If the King wanted issue, our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.

Phi. Whom but for her smiles
And hope of marriage with *Lisimachus*,
His Father by some cunning had remov'd
Ere this.

Lisa. Take heed, the Arras may have eates
I should not weepe much if his grace would hence
Remove to Heaven.

Phi. I prethee what should he do there ?

Lisa. Some Offices will fall.

Phi. And the sky too, ere I get one staire higher
While hees in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Lisander, Philocles,*
How looks the day upon us ? where's the Queene ?

Phi. In her bed-chamber.

Ant. Who was with her ?

Lisa. None but the yong Lord *Lisimachus*.

Ant. Tis no treason
If a man wish himselfe a Courtier
Of such a possibility : he has
The mounting fate.

Phi. I would his Father were
Mounted toth' gallowes.

Ant. He has a path faire enough,
If he survive by title of his Father.

Lisa. The Queene will hasten his ascent.

Phi. Would I were Queene.

Ant. Thou woud'st become rarely the peticote,
What woud'st thou doe ?

Phi. Why, I woud marry
My Gentleman usher, and trust all the strength
And burden of my state upon his legges,
Rather then be call'd wife by any sonne
Of such a Father.

Lisa. Come lets leave this subject,
We may finde more secure discourse ; when saw

The Coronation.

You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius* Nephew?

Ant. There's a sparke, a youth moulded for a favorite,
The Queene might doe him honour.

Pbi. Favorite, tis too cheape a name, there were a match
Now for her Virgin blood.

Lisa. Must every man
That has a handsome face or legge feed such
Ambition: I confesse I honour him;
He has a nimble soule, and gives great hope.
To be no woman-hater, dances handsomely,
Can court a Lady powerfully, but more goes
Toth' making of a Prince: hees here.
Ands Vncle. *Enter Arcadius, Macarius, Seleucus.*

Sel. Save you Gentlemen, who can direct me
To finde my Lord Protector?

Lisa. He was here
Within this halfe houre, young *Lisimachus*
His sonne is with the Queene.

Sel. There let him complement,
I have other businesse, ha? *Arcadius!* *Exit.*

Pbi. Observ'd you with what eyes *Arcadius*
And he saluted, their two families
Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. *Seleucus* carries
Himselfe too roughly, with what pride and scorne
He past by em.

Lisa. The tother with lesse shew
Of anger carries pride enough in's soule,
I wish em all at peace, *Macarius* looks
Are without civill warre, a good old man,
The old King lov'd him well, *Seleucus* Father
Was as deare to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honest Lord through *Epire*: that two men
So lov'd of others, should be so unwell-come
To one another.

Arc. The Queene was not wont to send for me.

Mac. The reason's to her selfe,
It will become your duty to attend her.

Arc.

The Coronation.

Arc. Save you Gentlemen, what novelty
Does the Court breath to day?

Lisa. None sir, the newes
That tooke the last impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the Kingdome, and those men,
That honour you, take no delight to heare it.

Arc. I have ambition to see the difference
Of Courts, and this may spare; the delights
At home doe surfet, and the mistresse whom
We all doe serve is fixt upon one object,
Her beames are too much pointed, but no Country
Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter Queene, Lisimachus, Macarius, Charilla.

Que. *Arcadius.*

Mac. Your Lordship honord me,
I have no blessing in his absence.

Lisi. Tis done like a pious Vncle.

Que. We must not
Give any licence.

Arc. If your Majesty
Would please.

Que. We are not pleas'd, it had become your duty,
To have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd
Your resolution publicke, is our Court
Not worth your stay?

Arc. I humbly begge your pardon.

Que. Where's *Lisimachus*?

Lisi. Your humble servant Madam.

Que. We shall finde
Employment at home for you, doe not lose us.

Arc. Madam I then write my selfe blest on earth
When I may doe you service.

Que. We would be private *Macarius.*

Mac. Madam you have blest me,
Nothing but your command could interpose to
Stay him.

Que. *Lisimachus*
You must not leave us.

Lisa. Nothing but *Lisimachus*? has she not.

The Coronation.

Taine a philter?

Exit.

Que. Nay pray be cover'd, Cerēmony from you,
Must be excus'd,

Lisi. It will become my duty.

Que. Not your love?

I know you would not have me looke upon
Your person as a Courtier, not as favorite,
That title were too narrow to expresse
How we esteeme you.

Lisi. The least of all

These names from you Madam, is grace ēnough.

Que. Yet here you woud not rest,

Lisi. Not if you please?

To say there is a happinesse beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine,
Although the honours you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit; I have a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make if possible
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon.

Que. We are confident this needs no pardon sir,
But a reward to cherish your opinion,
And that you may keepe warme your passion,
Know we resolve for marriage, and if
I had another gift, beside my selfe,
Greater, in that you should discerne, how much
My heart is fixt.

Lisi. Let me digest my b'essing.

Que. But I cannot resolve when this shall be,

Lisi. How Madam? doe not make me dream of Heaven
And wake me into misery, if your purpose
Be, to immortalize your humble servant,
Your power on earth's divine, Princes are here
The Coppies of eternity, and create
When they but will our happinesse.

Que. I shall

Beleeve you mocke me in this argument,
I have no power.

Lisi.

The Coronation.

Lis. How no power.

Que. Not as a Queene.

Lis. I understand you not.

Que. I must obey, your Fathers my Protector.

Lis. How?

Que. When I am absolute, *Lisimachus*,
Our power and titles meete, before, we are but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing,

Lis. Excellent Queene,
My love tooke no originall from state,
Or the desire of other greatnesse,
Above what my birth may challenge modestly,
I love your vertues; mercenary soules
Are taken with advancement, yo've an Empire
Within you, better then the worlds, to that
Lookes my ambition.

Que. Tother is not fir
To be despisd, Cosmography allowes
Epire a place ith' mappe, and know till I
Possesse what I was borne to, and alone
Doe graspe the Kingdomes Scepter, I account
My selfe divided, he that marries me
Shall take an absolute Queene to his warme bosomē,
My temples yet are naked, untill then
Our loves can be but complements, and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lis. I apprehend.

Que. Your Father.

Enter Cassander, Seleucus.

Cas. Madam, a Gentleman has an humble sute,

Que. Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector,
I am not yet a Queene.

Cas. Hows this?

Lis. I shall expound her meaning.

Queene. Why kneele you sir?

Sel. Madam to reconcile two families
That may unite, both counsells and their blood
To serve your Crowne.

Que.

The Coronation.

Que. Macarius, and Eubulus

That by are inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either family had made,
Which of their Fathers was the best commander:
If we beleeve our stories, they have both
Deserved well of our state, and yet this quarrell
Has cost too many lives, a severe faction.

Sel. But Ile propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torne
With their dissentions, and lose the glory
Of their great names, my blood speakes my relation
To *Eubulus*, and I wish my veines were emptyed
To appease their warre.

Que. Thou hast a noble soule,
This is a charity above thy youth,
And it flowes bravely from thee, name the way.

Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little streame
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts
If youle prevent a deluge.

Que. Be particular.

Sel. Let but your Majesty consent, that two
May with their personall valour undertake
The honour of their family, and determine
Their difference.

Que. This rather will inlarge
Their hate, and be a meanes to call more blood
Into the streame.

Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear —

Que. And who shall be the Champions.

Sel. I beg the honour, for *Eubulus* cause
To be ingag'd, if any for *Macarius*,
Worthy to wager heart with mine, accept it,
I am confident, *Arcadius*
For honour would direct me to his sword,
Will not deny, to stake against my life
His owne, if you vouchsafe us priviledge.

Que.

The Coronation.

Que. You are the expectation and toppè boughs
Of both your houses, it would seeme injultice,
To allow a civill warre to cut you off,
And your selves the instruments, besides
You appeare a souldier, *Arcadius*
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged warre,
More fit to drill a Lady then expose
His body to such dangers: a small wound
It's head may spoyle the method of his haire,
Whose curiosity exacts more time
Than his devotion, and who knowes but he
May lose his riban by it in his locke,
Deare as his Saint, with whom he would exchange
His head, for her gay colours; then his band
May be disorderd, and transform'd from Lace
To Cutworke, his rich cloathes be discomplimented
With blood, beside the infashionable fashions,
And at the next festivall take physicke,
Or put on blacke, and mourne for his staine breeches:
His hands cas'd up in gloves all night, and sweate
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
To blisters with a sword, how can he stand
Vpon his guard, who hath fiddlers in his head,
To which, his feet must ever be a dancing.
Beside a falsify may spoyle his cringe,
Or making of a legge, in which consists
Much of his Court perfection.

Sel. Is this Character
Bestow'd on him?

Que. It something may concerne the Gentleman,
Whom if you please to challenge
To dance, play on the Lute, or sing.

Sel. Some catch?

Que. He shall not want those will maintaine him
For any summe.

Sel. You are my Soveraigne,
I dare not thinke, yet I must speake somewhat,
I shall burst else, I have no skill in jiggas,

The Coronation.

Nor tumbling.

Que. How fir?

Sel. Nor was I borne a Minstrell, and in this you have
So infinitely disgraced *Arcadius*,
But that I have heard another Character,
And with your royall licence doe beleevv it,
I should not thinke him worth my killing.

Que. Your killing?

Sel. Does she not jecrē mee;
I shall talke treason presently, I finde it
At my tongues end already, this is an
Affront, Ile leave her.

Que. Come backe, doe you know *Arcadius*?

Sel. I ha changd but little breath with him, our persons
Admit nō familiarity, we were
Borne to live both at distance, yet I ha seēne him
Fight, and fight bravely.

Que. When the spirit of Wine
Made his braine valliant he fought bravely.

Sel. Although he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buzze about the Court,
Sit to catch trouts ith' summer, tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your owne.

Que. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Que. I see *Seleucus* thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*, your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded to confirme
First place and honour to his family:
Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Lisi. Madam.

Sel. With much adoe.

Que. Lisimachus.

Cas. She has granted then?

Cas. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veines, *Macarius* is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.
But haste the confirmation of our loves,

Que. It shall

And

The Coronation.

And ripen the delights of marriage, *Selenus.* *Exit cum, Sel.*

Lisi. As I guest,
It cannot be too soone.

Cas. To morrow then we crowne her, and invest
My sonne with Majesty, tis to my wishes,
Beget a race of Princes my *Lisimachus.*

Lisi. First let us marry fir. *Cas.* Thy brow was made
To weare a golden circle, I'me transported,
Thou shalt rule her, and I will governe thee.

Lisi. Although you be my Father, that will not
Concerne my obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lisander, and Antigonus.

Gentlemen,

Prepare your selves for a solemnity
Will turne the Kingdome into triumph, *Epire*
Looke fresh to morrow, 'twill become your duties
In all your glory to attend the *Queene*
At her Coronation, she is pleased to make
The next day happy in our Callender,
My Office doth expire, and my old blood
Renewes with thought on't.

Pbi. Hows this? *Ant.* Crown'd to morrow.

Lisa. And he so joyfull to resigne his regency,
There's some trick in't, I doe not like these hasty
Proceedings, and whirls of state, they have commonly
As strange and violent effects; well, heaven save the Queen.

Pbi. Heaven save the Queene say I, and send her a sprightly
Bed-fellow, for the Protector, let him pray for
Himselfe, he is like to have no benefit of my devotion.

Cas. But this doth quicken my old heart *Lisimachus,*
There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy owne state;
Come Gentlemen.

Lisa. We attend your grace. *Cas.* *Lisimachus.*

Lisi. What heretofore could happen to mankinde
Was with much paine to clime to heaven, but in
Sophias marryage of all *Queenes* the best,
Heaven will come downe to earth, to make me blest. *Exe.*

The Coronation.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Arcadius, and Polidora.

Pol. Indeed you shall not goe.

Arc. Whether?

Pol. To travell,

I know you see me, but to take your leave,
But I must never yeeld to such an absence.

Arc. I prethee leave thy feares, I am commanded
Toth' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.

Pol. Commanded? by whom?

Arc. The Queene.

Pol. I am very glad, for trust me, I could thinke
Of thy departure with no comfort, thou
Art all the joy I have, halfe of my soule;
But I must thanke the Queene now for thy company,
I prethee what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?

Arc. Onely to get an appetite
To thee *Polidora*.

Pol. Then you must provoke it.

Arc. Nay, prethee doe not so mistake thy servant.

Pol. Perhaps you surfeit with my love.

Arc. Thy love?

Pol. Although I have no beauty to comparē
With the best faces, I have a heart above
All competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now,
Come, let me take the kisse I gave thee last,*
I am so confident of thee, no lippe
Has raviht it from thine; I prethee come
To Court.

Pol. For what?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.

Pol. Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. Theres none will hurt,
Or dare but thinke an ill to *Polidora*,
The greatest will be proud to honour thee,
Thy luster wants the admiration here:

There

The Coronation.

There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.

Pol. You can flatter too.

Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so, thy vertue
Will deserve all, I must confesse, we Courtiers
Doe oftentimes commend to shew our art,
There is necessity sometimes to say,
This Madam breaths Arabian Gummes,
Amber and Cassia; though while we are praying,
We wish we had no nostriles to take in
The offensive steame of her corrupted lungs.
Nay, some will sweare they love their Mistresse,
Would hazard lives and fortunes, to preserve
One of her haire brighter then *Berinices*;
Or young *Apollos*, and yet after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the Officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Pol. Fine men.

Arc. I am none of these,
Nay, there are women *Polidora* too
That can doe pretty well at flatteries;
Make men beleewe they dote, will languish for them,
Can kisse a Jewell out of one, and dally
A carcanet of Diamonds from another,
Weepe intoth' bosome of a third, and make
Him drop as many pearles; they count it nothing
To talke a reasonable heire within ten dayes
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.

Pol. Youle teach me

To thinke I may be flattered in your promises,
Since you live where this art is most profest.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked *Polidora*,
The Infant errors of the Court I may
Be guilty off, but never to abuse
So rare a goodnesse, nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of Court,
To practise for base ends; be confident

The Coronation.

My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my *Polidora*,
It is not in the power of time or distance
To cancell it, by all thats blest I love thee :
Love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.

Pol. Let it be some

Gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath I prethee,
One strong enough to binde, if thou dost finde
Any suspition of my faith, or else
Direct me in some horrid imprecation
When I forsake thee, for the love of other
Woman, may heaven reward my apostacy
To blast my greatestt happinesse on earth,
And make all joyes abortive.

Pol. Revoke these hasty syllables, they carry
To great a penalty for breach of Love
To me, I am not worth thy suffering,
You doe not know what beauty may invite
Your change, what happinesse may tempt your eye
And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
In one, and she should court me, with a dower
Able to buy a Kingdome when I give
My heart from *Polidora*.

Pol. I suspect not;
And to requite thy constancy I sweare.

Arc. Twere sinne to let thee waste thy breath
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Vncle hath beent every where
Ith' Court inquiring for you, his lookes speake
Some earnest eause.

Arc. I am more acquainted with
Thy vertue then to imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now, one kisse dismisses him
Whose heart shall waite on *Polidora*, prethee
Let me not wish for thy returne too often,

The Coronation.

My Father.

Enter Nestorim, and a servant.

Nes. I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me
He had beene with thee.

Pol. Some affaire too soone.

Ravish'd him hence, his Vncle sent for him
You came now from Court: how looks the Queenē
This golden morning?

Nes. Like a bride, her soule
Is all on mirth, her eyes have quickning fires,
Able to strike a spring into the earth
In Winter.

Pol. Then *Lisimachus* can have
No frost in's blood, that lives so neere her beames.

Nes. His politicke Father, the Protector smiles too,
Resolve to see the Cerimony of the Queenē
Twill be a day of state,

Pol. I am not well.

Nes. How! not well? retire then, I must returne
My attendance is expected, *Polidora*,
Be carefull of thy health.

Pol. It will concerne me.

Exit.

Enter Arcadius, and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me sir.

Mac. Deare Nephew, if thou respect thy safety,
My honour, or my age, remove thy selfe,
Thy lifes in danger.

Arc. Mine? who's my enemy?

Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the City,
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling,
Obscure thy selfe, stay not to know the reason.

Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon, which ith' number
Of my offences unto any, should
Provoke this dishonorable flight?

Mac. I would when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy banishment, thou knowst not
What threatens thee:

Arc. I would desire to know it,
I am in no conspiracy of treason,

Have ravisht no mans Mistresse, not so much
As given the lye to any, what should meane

Your strange and violent feares, I will not stirre
Vntill you make me sensible I have lost

My innocence.

Mac.

The Coronation.

Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds, it were lesse sinne
To rippe thy Fathers marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them
By some rude windes where none should ever find
The sacred dust, it was his legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven
I should preserve *Arcadius*, whose fate
He prophesied in death, would need protection,
Thou wot disturbe his gholt, and call it to
Affright my dreames, if thou refuse to obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me to inquire the cause
Of your distraction, and youle arme me better
Then any coward flight by acquainting me
Whose malice aimes to kill me, good sir tell me;

Mac. Then prayers and teares assill me.

Arc. Sir.

Mac. *Arcadius*,

Thou art a rash young man, witnesse the spirit
Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed,
Till I prevent this mischief.

Enter Philocles, Lisander.

Arc. Ha, keepe off.

Phi. What meane you?

Lisa. We are your friends.

Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not secure, I would not be betray'd.

Lisa. You wrong our hearts, who truely honour you.

Arc. They say I must be kild.

Phi. By whom?

Arc. I know not, nor wou I part with life so tamely.

Phi. We dare ingage ours in your quarrell, hide
Your sword, it may beget suspicion,
It's enough to question you.

Arc. I am confident,
Pray pardon me, come I despise all dangers;
Yet a deare friend of mine, my Vncle told me
He would not see my body full of wounds.

Lisa. Your Vncle! this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest Vncle,

The Coronation. 337

If my unlucky starres have pointed me
So dire a fate.

Phi. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Arcadius*, the *Queene* would speake with you,
You must make haste.

Arc. Though to my death, I fly
Vpon her summons, I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me.

Phi. This does a little trouble me.

Lisa. I know not
What to imagine, something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Enter Queene, Lisimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus.

Arcadius, Ladies and attendants, Gent.

Que. We have already granted to *Seleucus*
And they shall try their valour if *Arcadius*
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge,
Our royall word is past.

Phi. This is strange.

Eub. Madam my sonne knew not what he asked,
And you were cruell to consent so soone.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be rob'd
At once of all the wealth I have, *Arcadius*
Is part of me.

Eub. *Seleucus* life and mine
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall
Together, hath the service for my Country
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternall home? Wast not enough
When I was young, to lose my blood in warres,
But the poore remnant that is scarcely warme
And faintly creeping through my withered veines
Must be let out to make you sport.

Mac. How can
We that shall this morne see the sacred oyle
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any

The Coronation.

Protection hereafter, when this day
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you.

Arcadius I prethee speake thy selfe,
It is for thee I plead.

Enb. Selencus, kneele
And say thou haste repented thy rash suite;
If ere I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
How will the least drop forc'd from thy veines,
Afflict my heart.

Mac. Why, that's good;
Arcadius speake to her; heare him *Madam*.

Arc. If you call backe this honour you have done me
I shall repent I live, doe not perswade me

Selencus thou art a noble enemy,
And I will love thy foule though I dispaire
Our bodies friendly conversation:

I would we were to tugge upon some cliffe,
Or like two prodigies ith ayre, our conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood
Appease our grandfires ashes.

Mac. I am undone.

Sel. *Madam*, my father sayes I have offended,
If so, I begge your pardon, but beseech you
For your owne glory call not backe your word.

Enb. They are both mad.

Que. No more, we have resolv'd,
And since their courage is so nobly flamed,
This morning weele behold the Champions
Within the list, be not affraid, their strife
Will stretch so farre as death, so soone as we
Are Crown'd prepare your selves, *Selencus*, *kisses her hand*.

Sel. I have receiv'd another life in this high favour,
And may lose what nature gave me.

Que. *Arcadius* to encourage thy young vallour,
We give thee our Fathers sword.
Command it from our Armory; *Lisimachus*,
To our Coronation.

Sel. Ile forfeit

Exeunt.

The Coronation.

My head for a rebellion then suffer it. *Exit.*

Arc. I am circled with confusions Ile doe somewhat
My braines and friends assist me. *Exit.*

Phi. But doe you thinke theyle fight indeed?

Lisa. Perhaps
Her Majesty will see about or two.
And yet tis wondrous strange, such spectacles
Are rare ith' Court, and they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is some gimcrackes in't, the Queene is wise
Above her yeares.

Phi. *Macarius* is perplext. *Enter Eubulus.*

Lisa. I cannot blame him, but my Lord *Eubulus*
Returnes, they are both troubled, las good men,
But our duties are expected, we forget.

Eub. I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe,
My braines upon the torture.

Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood is worth more then our families,
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way
To stay the young mens desperate proceedings,
It is our cause they fight, let us beseech
The Queene, to grant us two the priviledge
Of duell, rather then expose their lives
To eithers fury; it were pittie they
Should runne upon so blacke a destiny,
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a paire
Of fruitlesse trees, mossie and withered trunckes,
That fill up too much roome.

Eub. Most willingly;
And I will praise her charity to allow it;
I have not yet forgot to use a sword,
Lets lose no time, by this act, she will licence
Our soules to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an houre the sooner; they may live
To doe her better service, and be friends
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope

The Coronation.

This will be granted, curse upon our faction.

Mac. If she deny us —

Eub. What?

Mac. I woud doe somewhat —

Eub. There's something oth' suddaine strucke upon
My imagination, that may secure us.

Mac. Name it, if no dishonour waite upon't
To preserve them, Ile accept any danger.

Eub. There is no other way, and yet my heart
Would be excus'd but tis to save his life.

Mac. Speake it *Eubulus*.

Eub. In your eare I shall,
It shanot make a noyle if you refuse it.

Mac. Hum? though it stirre my blood, Ile meet *Arcadius*,
If this preserve thee not, I must unseale
Another mystery. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lisimachus, Cassander, Charilla, Lisander,
Philocles, Antigonus.

Que. We owe to all your loves and will deserve
At least by our indeavours that none may
This day repent their prayers, my Lord Protector.

Cas. Madam I have no
Such title now, and am blest to lose
That name so happily, I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.

Que. You have prov'd
Your selfe our faithfull counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing state, a Kingdomes Scepter
Weighs downe a womans arme, this crowne sits heavy
Vpon my brow already, and we know
There's something more then mettle in this wreath,
Of shining glory, but your faith and counsell,
That are familiar with mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Doe loyall service, and reward your duties.

Cas. Heaven preserve your Highnesse.

Que. But yet my Lords and Gentlemen let none

Mistake

The Coronation.

Mistake me, that because I urge your wisdomes,
I shall grow carelesse, and impose on you
The managing of this great Province, no,
We will be active too, and as we are
In dignity above your persons, so,
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your severall places
Relieving us with your experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance, for although
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our royall priviledge, or encourage any
Too unreverent boldnesse, as it will become
Our honour to consult, ere we determine
Of the most necessary things of state,
So we are sensible of a checke,
But in a brow, that saucily controules
Our action, presuming on our yeares
As few, or frailty of our sex, that head
Is not secure that dares our power or justice.

Phi. She has a brave spirit, looke how the Protector
Growes pale already.

Que. But I speake to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
This theame, yet 'twas no immateriall
Part of our character, since I desire
All should take notice, I have studied
The knowledge of my selfe, by which I shall
Better distinguish of your worth and persons
In your relations to us.

Lisa. This language
Is but a threatning to some body

Que. But we misse some, that use not to absent
Their duties from us, where's *Macarius*?

Cas. Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given
Consent *Arcadius* should enter List
To day with young *Selencus*.

Que. We purpose

Enter Gentleman

The Coronation.

They shall proceed, whats he ?

Phil, A Gentleman belonging to *Selencus*, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waites your royall pleasure,

Que. He was composd for action, give notice
To *Arcadius*, and admit the challenger,
Let other Princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles, but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour.

*Enter Selencus, Arcadius at severall doores, their pages
before them bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have
Two Kingdomes staked upon their swords, *Lisimachus*
Doe not they excellently become their armes,
T were pitty but they should doe something more
Then wave their plumes. *a shout within.*
What noyse is that ?

Enter Macarius and Eubulus.

Mac. The peoples joy to know us reconcild,
Is added to the Iubile of the day,
We have no more a faction but one heart,
Peace flow in every bosome.

Eub. Throw away
These instruments of death, and like two friends
Imbrace by our example.

Que. This unfain'd ?

Mac. By our duties to your selfe deare Madam
Command them not advance, our houses from
This minute are incorporated; happy day
Our eyes at which before revenge looke forth,
May cleare suspition, oh my *Arcadius* !

Eub. We have found a neerer way to friendship Madam,
Then by exposing them to fight for us.

Que. If this be faithfull our desires are blest,
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your blood this was, and we did prophesie
This happy chance, spring into eithers bosome,
Arcadius and *Selencus*, what can now
Be added to this dayes felicity;

Yes

The Coronation.

Yes, there is something, is there not my Lord ?

While we are Virgin Queene.

Ca. Ha, that string
Doth promise musicke.

Que. I am yet my Lords

Your single joy, and when I looke upon,
What I have tooke, to manage the great care
Of this most flowrishing Kingdome, I incline
To thinke, I shall doe justice to my selfe,
If I chose one, whose strength and vertue may
Assist my undertaking, thinke you Lords,
A husband would not helpe ?

Lisa. No question Madam,
And he that you purpose to make so blest
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty,
It is the generall vote.

Que. We will not then
Trouble Embassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad, within our owne dominion;
Fruitefull in honour, we shall make our choyce;
And that we may not keepe you over long
In the imagination, from this circle, we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a King and Husband.

Lisa. Now my Lord *Lismachus*.

Que. Nor shall we in this action be accused
Of rashnesse, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection, hath bene carely
In our opinion, which had reason first
To guide it, and his knowne nobility
Long marryed to our thoughts, will justifie
Our faire election.

Phi. *Lismachus* blushes.

Cas. Direct our duties Madam to pray for him.

Que. *Arcadius* you see from whence we come,
Pray lead us backe, you may ascend.

She comes from the State.

Cas. Hows this ? o're reach'd ?

Arc.

The Coronation.

Arc. Madam be charitable to your humblest creature,
Doe not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feete, with making me the burden
Of the Court mirth, a mockery for Pages,
'Twere treason in me but to thinke you meane thus.

Que. *Arcadius* you must refuse my love,
Or shame this Kingdome.

Phi. Is the winde in that corner?

Cas. I shall runne mad *Lisimachus*.

Lis. Sir, containe your selfe.

Sel. Is this to be beleev'd?

Mac. What dreame is this?

Phi. He kisses her, now by this day I am glad on't.

Lisa. Marke the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his heart strings.

Que. Is the day cloudy on the suddaine?

Arc. Gentlemen

It was not my ambition, I durst never
Aspire so high in thought, but since her Majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.

Que. The Church to morrow shall
Confirm our marriage, noble *Lisimachus*
Weele finde out other wayes to recompence
Your love to us, set forward, come *Arcadius*.

Mac. It must be so, and yet let me consider,

Cas. He insults already, policy assist me.
To breake his necke.

Lis. Who would trust woman?

Lost in a paire of minutes, lost, how bright
A morning rose, but now, and now tis night?

Exeunt.

Adus.

The Coronation.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Polidora, and a Servant.

Pol. Oh where shall Virgins looke for faith hereafter?
If he prove false, after so many vowes?
And yet if I consider, he was tempted
Above the strength of a young Lover, two
Such glorious courting his acceptance, were
Able to make disloyalty no sinne,
At least not seeme a fault, a Lady first,
Whose very lookes would thaw a man more frozen
Then the *Alps*, quicken a soule more dead then Winter.
Adde to her beauty and perfection,
That she's a Queene, and brings with her a Kingdome
Able to make a great mind forfeit heaven.
What could the frailty of *Arcadius*
Suggest to unspirite him so much, as not
To fly to her embraces, you were present
When she declar'd her selfe.

Ser. Yes Madam.

Pol. Tell me,

Did not he make a pause, when the faire Queene
A full temptation stood him?

Ser. Very little

My judgement could distinguish, she did no sooner
Propound, but he accepted.

Pol. That was ill,

He might with honour stand one or two minutes,
Me thinkes it should have startled him a little,
To have rememberd me, I have deserv'd
At least a cold thought, well pray give it him.

Ser. I shall.

Pol. When?

Ser. Instantly.

Pol. Not so,

But take a time when his joy swels him most,
When his delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his soule dance in his eyes,

E

When

The Coronation.

When she that must be his, hath drest her beauty
With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids
To call him to the tasting of her lippe ;
Then give him this, and tell him while I live,
Ile pray for him.

Ser. I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassander and Lisimachus.

Cas. There is no way but death.

Lisi. That's blacke and horrid,
Consider sir it was her sinne, not his ;
I cannot accuse him, what man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious flame ? who could not fly to such
A happinesse ?

Cas. Have you ambition
To be a tame foole ? see so vast an injury
And not revenge it ? make me not suspect
Thy Mother for this sufferance, my Sonne.

Lisi. Pray heare me sir.

Cas. Heare a patient gull,
A property, thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not, how canst
Be charitable to thy selfe, and let him live
To glory in thy shame ? Nor is he innocent,
He had before crept slyly into her bosome
And practised thy dishonour.

Lisi. You begin to stirre me sir.

Cas. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee ? and in the eye
Of all the Kingdome, they conspir'd this stain ;
When they had cunning meetings, shall thy love
And blooming hopes be scattered thus, and *Lisimachus*
Stand idle gazer ?

Lisi. What sir will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me ?
So irrereligious, and to touch her person ---
Paule we may be observed.

Enter

The Coronation.

Enter Philocles and Lisander.

Lisa. 'Tis the Protector
And his sonne.

Phi. Alas poore Gentleman, I pittie
His neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.

Phi. Tis a strange turne.

Phi. The whirligigs of women.

Lisa. Your graces servant.

Cas. I am yours Gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

Phi. Now he can flatter.

Lisa. In't sir, to inlarge your sufferings, J have
A heart doth wish
The Queene had knowne better to reward
Your love and merit.

Lisa. If you would expresse
Your love to me, pray doe not mention it.
I must obey my fate.

Phi. She will be marryed
To tother Gentleman for certaine then?

Cas. I hope youle wish em joy.

Phi. Indeed I will sir.

Lisa. Your graces servant.

Cas. We are growne

Ridiculous, the pastime of the Court :

Here comes another:

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Wheres your sonne my Lord?

Cas. Like a neglected servant of his Mistresse.

Sel. I would aske him a question.

Cas. What?

Sel. Whether the Queene

As tis reported, lov'd him, he can tell

Whether she promist what they talke of, marriage,

Cas. I can resolve you that sir.

Sel. She did promise?

Cas. Yes.

Sel. Then shees a woman, and your sonne;

Cas. What?

Sel. Not worthy his blood, and expectation,
If he be calme.

The Coronation.

Cas. There's no opposing destiny.

Sel. I would cut the throate.

Cas. Whose throate?

Sel. The destinies, that's all, your pardon sir,
I am *Selencus* still, a poore shaddow

Oth' world, a walking picture, it concernes

Not me, I am forgotten by my starres.

Cas. The Queene with more discretion might ha chosen
Thee.

Sel. Whom?

Cas. Thee *Selencus*.

Sel. Me? I cannot dance, and frike with due activity,
My body is lead, I have too much phleame, what should
I doe with a Kingdome? no *Arcadius*

Becomes the cushion, and can please, yet setting

Aside the trickes that Ladies of blood looke at,

Another man might make a shift to weare

Rich clothes, sit in the chaire of state, and nod,

Dare venture on di'course, that does not trench

On complement, and thinke the study of armes

And arts, more commendable in a Gentleman

Than any galliard.

Cas. *Arcadius*,

And you were reconcil'd.

Sel. We? yes, oh yes,

But tis not manners now to say we are friends,

At our equality there had beene reason,

But now, subjection is the word.

Cas. They are not

Yet marryed.

Sel. He make no oath upont,

My Lord *Lisimachus*.

A word. youle not be angry if I love you,

May nor a batchellor be made a cuckold?

Lis. How sir?

Cas. *Lisimachus*, this Gentleman

Is worth our embrace, hees spirited,

And may be usefull.

Sel. Harke you, can you tell

Wheres

The Coronation.

Where's the best Dancing-master ? and you meane
To rise at Court, practise to caper, farewell
The noble science, that makes worke for cutlers,
It will be out of fashion to weare swords,
Masques, and devices welcome, I salute you.
Is it not pittie any division
Should be heard out of Musicke ? Oh twill be
An excellent age of crotchets ; and of Canters.
Buy Captaines that like fooles will spend your blood
Out of your Country, you will be of lesse
Use then your feathers, if you returne unman'd
You shall be beaten soone to a new march,
When you shall thinke it a discretion
To sell your glorious buffes to buy fine pumps,
And pantables, this is I hope no treason.

*Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charia, Eubulus,
Lisander, Philocles, Polidora, servant.*

Cas. Wot stay *Lisimachus* ?

Lis. Yes sir,

And shew a patience above her injury.

Arc. This honour is too much, Madam assume
Your place, and let *Arcadius* waite still :
Tis happiness enough to be your servant.

Cas. Now he dissembles.

Que. Sir you must sit.

Arc. I am obedient.

Que. This is not musicke
Sprightly enough, it feeds the soule with melancholy.
How sayes *Arcadius* ?

Arc. Give me leave to thinke

There is no harmony but in your voyce,
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,
But strikes me into rapture, I incline
To thinke the tale of *Orpheus* no fable,
Tis possible he might inchant the Rockes,
And charme the Forrest, soften hell, hell it selfe
With his commanding Lute, it is no miracle
To what you worke, whose very breath conveyes

The Coronation.

The hearer into heaven, how at your lips,
Day winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse sweetnesse round about the world.

Sel. Fine stufte.

Que. You cannot flatter.

Are. Not if I should say
Nature had plac'd you here the creatures wonder,
And her owne spring, from which all excellence
On earths deriv'd, and copyed forth, and when
The character of faire, and good in others
Is quite worne out, and lost, looking on you
It is supplide, and you alone made mortall
To feed and keepe alive all beauty.

Sel. Ha, ha, can you indure it Gentlemen?

Lisa. What doe you meane?

Sel. Nay aske him what he meanes, mine is a downe
Right laugh.

Que. Well fir proceed.

Are. At such bright eies the stars do light themselves,
At such a forehead Swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blifhes.

Sel. The morning is more modest then thy prayfes,
What a thing does he make her?

Are. And when you fly to heaven & leave this world
No longer maintenance of goodnesse from you,
Then Poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.

Sel. Ha, ha.

Que. Whose that?

Sel. Twas I Madam.

Are. *Seleucus?*

Cas. Ha?

Sel. Yes fir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Are. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lisa. Containe your selfe *Seleucus*.

Eub. Are you mad?

Que.

The Coronation.

Que. Have you ambition to be punished for?

Sel. I need not, 'twas punishment

Enough to heare him make an Idoll of you, he left
Out the commendation of your patience, I was a little
Mov'd in my nature to heare his rodomontados, and
Make a monster of his Mistresse, which I pittied first,
But seeing him proceed, I guesst he brought you
Mirth with his inventions, and so made bold to laugh at it.

Que. You are sawcy,
Weele place you where you shannot be so merry,
Take him away.

Lisa. Submit your selfe:

Arc. Let me plead for his pardon.

Sel. I woud not owe my life so poorely, beg thy owne
When you are King you cannot bribe your destiny.

Eub. Good Madam heare me, I feare he is distracted,
Brave boy, thou should'st be master of a soule
Like his: thy honours more concernd.

Sel. 'Tis charity,
A way wo' mee, boy Madam?

Cas. He has a daring spirit. *Exeunt Sel. Eub. Cas.*

Arc. These and a thousand more affronts I must
Expect: your favours draw them all upon me;
In my first state I had no enemies,
I was secure while I did grow beneath
This expectation, humble valleys thrive with
Their bosomes full of flowers, when the hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds,
Let me retire.

Que. And can Arcadim

At such a breath be moved, I had opinion
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
Our love, can you for this incline to leave
What other Princes should in vaine have saed for?
How many Lovers are in Epire now
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect
One enemy, but empty their owne veines,
And thinke the losse of all their blood rewarded,

The Coronation.

To have one smile of us when they are dying?

And shall this murmure shake you?

Arc. Not deare Madam,

My life is such a poore despised thing,

In value your least graces, that

To lose it were to make my selfe a victory,

It is not for my selfe I feare: the envy

Of others cannot fasten wound in me

Greater, then that your godnesse should be check'd

So daringly.

Que. Let not those thoughts afflict thee

While we have power to correct the offences

Arcadius be mine, this shall confirme it,

Arc. I shall forget

And lose my way to heaven, that touch had beene

Enough to have restor'd me, and infused

A spirit of a more celestially nature,

After the tedious absence of my soule,

Oh blesse me not too much, one smile a day,

Would stretch my life to mortality,

Poets that wrap divinity in tales,

Looke here, and give your coppies forth of angels,

What blessing can remaine?

Que. Our Marriage.

Arc. Place then some horrors in the way.

For me, not you to passe, the journeys end

Holds out such glories to me, I should thinke

Hell but a poore degree of suffering for it,

Whats that some petition, a Letter to me.

You had a Polidora, ha, thats all.

It'h minute when my vessels new lanch'd forth,

With all my pride and silken winges at out me

I strike upon a Rocke: what power can save me?

You had a *Polidora*; theres a name

Kil'd with grieve I can so soone forget her

Ser. She did impose on me this service sir,

And while she lives she sayes sheele pray for you.

Aarc. Shee lives

Thats

The Coronation.

Thats well, and yet twere better, for my fame,
And honour she were dead, what fate hath plac'd me
Vpon this fearefull precipice?

Ser. Hees troubled.

Arc. I must resolve, my faith is violated
Already, yet poore loving *Polidora*
Will pray for me, she sayes, to thinke she can
Render me hated to my selfe, and every
Thought's a tormentor, let me then be just.

Que. *Arcadius.*

Arc. That voyce prevailes agen, oh *Polidora*,
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not
Turne rebell to a Princeesse, I shall love
Thy vertue, but a Kingdome has a charme
To excuse our frailty, dearest Madam.

Que. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our joyes.

Enter Macarius, and a Bishop, Casander.

Mac. Ile fright their glories.

Cas. By what meanes?

Mac. Observe.

Arc. Our good Vncle, welcome.

Que. My Lord *Macarius* we did want your person,
There's something in our joyes wherein you share.

Mac. This you intend your highnesse wedding day.

Que. We are going.

Mac. Save you labour

I have brought a Priest to meet you.

Arc. Reverend Father.

Que. Meete us, why?

Mac. To tell you that you must not marry.

Cas. Didst thou heare that *Lisimachus*?

Lis. And wonder what will follow.

Que. We must not marry.

Biss. Madam tis a rule

First made in heaven, and I muh needs declare
You and *Arcadius* must tie no knot
Of man and wife.

The Coronation.

Arc. Is my Vncle mad?

Que. Ioy has transported him,
Or age has made him dote, *Miacarius*
Provoke us not too much, you will presume
Above our mercy.

Mac. Ile discharge my duty,
Could your frowne strike me dead, my Lord you know
Whose character this is.

Cas. It is *Theodosius*.
Your graces Father.

Bis. I am subscrib'd a witnesse.

Phi. Vpon my life 'tis his.

Mac. Feare not, Ile crosse this match.

Cas. Ile blesse thee for't.

Arc. Vncle dee know what you doe, or what we are
Going to finish, you will not breake the necke of my glorious
Fortune, now my footes ith' stirrups and mounting,
Throw me over the saddle, I hope youle let one
Be a King, Madam 'tis as you say,
My Vncle is something craz'd, there is a worme
In's braine, but I beseech you pardon him, he is
Not the first of your ceunfell, that has talk'd
Idly, dee heare my Lord Bishop, I hope
You have more religion then to joyne with him
To undoe me.

Bis. Not I sir, but I am commanded by oath,
And conscience to speake truth.

Arc. If your truth should doe me any harme, I shall never
Be in charity with a Croziers staffe, looke too't.

Que. My youngest Brother,

Cas. Worse and worse, my braines.

Exit.

Mac. Deliver to me an Infant with this writing,
To which this reverend Father is a witnesse.

Lisa. This he whom we so long thought dead, a childe.

Que. But what should make my father to trust him
To your concealement? give abroad his death, and bury
An empty coffin?

Mac. A jealousie he had

Vpon

The Coronation.

Vpon *Cassander*, whose ambitious braine
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His sonne, to make *Lisimachus* King of *Epire*.

Que. He made no scruple to expose me then
To any danger?

Mac. He secur'd you Madam
By an earely engagement of your affection
To *Lisimachus*, exempt this testimony,
Had he beene *Arcadius*, and my Nephew
I needed not obtrude him on the state,
Your Love and marriage had made him King
Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition
There was necessity to open now
His birth, and title.

Phi. *Demetrius* alive.

Arc. What riddles are these, whom do they talk of?

Oma. Congratulate your returne to life, and honor,
And as becomes us, with one voyce salute you
Demetrius King of *Epire*.

Mac. I am no Vncle, sir, this is your sister,
I should have suffered incest to have kept you
Longer ith' darke, love, and be happy both,
My trust is now discharg'd.

Lisa. And we rejoyce.

Arc. But doe not mocke me Gentlemen,
May I be bold upon your words to say
I am Prince *Theodosius* sonne.

Mac. The King.

Arc. Youle justifye it?

Sister I am very glad to see you.

Sop. I am to finde a brother, and resigne my glory,
My triumph is my shame.

Exit.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Thine eare *Lisimachus*.

Arc. Gentlemen I owe
Vnto your loves, as large acknowledgement
As to my birth for this great honour, and
My study shall be equall to be thought

The Coronation.

Worthy of both.

Cas. Thou art turn'd Marble.

Lis. There will be the lesse charge for my monument.

Cas. This must not be, sit fast young King.

Exit.

Lis. Your sister sir is gone.

Arc. My sister should have beene my Bride, that name

Put me in minde of *Polidora*, ha?

Lisander, Philocles, Gentlemen,

If you will have me thinke your hearts allow me

Theodosius sonne, oh quickly snatch some wings,

Expresse it in your haste to *Polidora*,

Tell her what title is new dropt from Heaven

To make her rich, onely created for me,

Give her the ceremony of my Queene,

With all the state that may become our Bride

Attend her to this throne; are you not there?

Yet stay, tis too much pride to send for her,

Weele goe our selfe, no honour is enough

For *Polidora*, to redeeme our fault

Salute her gently from me, and upon

Your knee, present her with this Diademe,

Tis our first gift, tell her *Demetrius* followes

To be her guest, and give him selfe a servant

To her chaste bosome, bid her stretch her heart

To meet me, I am lost in joy and wonder.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, Souldier.

Cas. **V**V Heres the Captaine of the Castle?

Sol. Heele attend your honours presently.

Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.

Sol. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Cas. He is my creature, feare not,

And shall runne any course that we propound,

Emb.

The Coronation.

Eub. My Lord, I like the substance of your plot,
Tis promising, but matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect, and it does
Concerne our heads to build upon secure
Principles, though *Seleucus*, I confesse,
Carry a high, and daring spirit in him,
Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled
Any impostor, and we know not yet
Whether heele undertake to play the Prince;
Or if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himselfe.

Cas. My Lord, affaires
Of such a glorious nature, are halfe finish'd
When they beginne with confidence.

Eub. Admit
He want no art, nor courage, it must rest
Vpon the people to receive his title,
And with what danger their uncertaine breath
May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warme
In the Kings seate, I may suspect.

Cas. That reason
Makes for our part, for if it be so probable,
That young *Demetrius* should be living, why
May not we worke them to beleewe *Leonatus*
The eldest sonne was by some trickes preserv'd
And now would clame his owne: there were two sons,
Who in their Fathers life we supposed dead,
May not we finde a circumstance to make
This seeme as cleare as t'other, let the vulgar
Be once possess'd, weele carry *Epire* from
Demetrius, and the world.

Eub. I could be pleas'd
To see my sonne a King.

Enter Poleonius.

The Captaiues here.

Pol. I waite your Lordships pleasure.

Cas. We come to visit your late prisoner,
I will not doubt, but you intreate him fairely.

The Coronation.

He will deserve it for himselfe, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion
To have exprest your service.

Pol. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable Lord his Father, will
Instruēt me to behave my selfe with all
Respects becomming me, to such a sonne.

Cas. These things will least
Obleige you, but how beares he his restraint?

Pol. As one whose soule's above it.

Eub. Patiently?

Pol. With contempt rather of the great command
Which made him prisoner, he will talke sometimes
So strangely to himselfe.

Eub. Hee's here.

Enter Selucus.

Sel. Why was I borne to be a subject? 'tis
Soone answer'd, sure my Father was no Prince,
Thats all, the same ingredience use to make
A man, as active, though not royall blood
Went to my composition, and I
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,
As I had beene borne an Emperour.

Cas. While I looke
Vpon him, something in his face presents
A King indeed.

Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.

Cas. Whose sonne we would pretend him,
This will advance our plot,

Sel. Tis but a name,
And meere opinion, that preferres one man
Above another, Ile imagine then
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on earth,
And see what followes, but it must not be
My single voyce will carry it, the name
Of King must be attended with a troope

The Coronation.

Of acclamations, on whose ayrie wings
He mounts, and once exalted threatens Heaven,
And all the starres: how to acquire this noyse,
And be the thing I talke of, men have rise
From a more cheape nobility to Empires,
From darke originalls, and fordid blood,
Nay some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,
And flying people, have aspir'd to Kingdomes,
Made nations tremble, any have practis'd frownes
To awe the world, their memory is glorious,
And I would hugge them in their shades, but whats
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And lesse in expectation?

Pol. Are you serious?

Cas. Will you assist, and runne a fate with us.

Pol. Command my life, I owe it to your favour.

Sel. *Arcadius* was once as farre from being
As I, and had we not so cunningly
Beene reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone
To seeke our fortunes in another world;
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me oncelooke pale.

Cas. Chide your too vaine suspitions, we bring
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happie, th'ast a glorious flame
We come to advance it.

Sel. How?

Cas. Have but a will,
And be what thy owne thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A King.

Sel. You doe not mocke me Gentlemen,
You are my father sir.

Eub. This minute shall
Declare it my *Sekucus*, our hearts swel'd
With joy, with duty rather, oh my boy!

Sel. What's the mistery?

Pol. You must be a King.

Cas. *Sekucus*, stay thou art too incredulous,

The Coronation.

Let not our faith, and studdy to exalt thee,
Be so rewarded.

Eub. I pronounce thee King
Vnlesse thy spirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint to accept it.

Sel. King of what ?

Cas. Of *Epire*.

Sel. Although the Queen since she sent me hither
Were gone to Heaven I know not how
That title could devolve to me.

Cas. We have
No Queene, since he that should have marryed her,
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now King
In his owne title.

Sel. Thank you Gentlemen,
There's hope for me.

Cas. Why, you dare fight with him
And need be, for the Kingdome.

Sel. With *Arcadius*,
If youle make stakes, my life against his crowne,
Ile fight with him, and you, and your fine sonne,
And all the Courtiers one after another.

Cas. 'T wonot come to that.

Sel. I am of your Lordships minde, so fare you well

Cas. Yet stay and heare-

Sel. What? that you have betraide me,
Doe, tell your King, my life is growne a burden,
And Ile confesse, and make your soules looke pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leape this battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poore malice.

Omnes. No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire*.

Sel. *Leonatus*, who's that ?

Cas. Be bold and be a King, our braines have beene
Working to raise you to this height, here are
None but friends, dare you but call your selfe
Leonatus, and but iustifie with confidence
What wee le proclaime you, if we doe not bring
The Crowne to your head, we will forfeit ours.

Eub.

The Coronation.

Eub. The state is in distraction, *Arcadius*
Is prov'd a King, there was an elder brother,
If you dare but pronounce, you are the same,
Forget you are my sonne.

Pol. These are no trifles, sir, all is plotted
To assure your greatnesse, if you will be wise,
And take the faire occasion that's presented.

Sel. *Arcadius*, you say, is lawfull King,
And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder brother, is't not so?

Cas. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning.

Omnes. Vpon our lives.

Sel. Ile venture mine, but with your pardon,
Whose braine was this? from whom tooke this plot life?

Eub. My Lord *Cassander*.

Sel. And you are of his minde? and you? and thinke
This may be done?

Eub. The destinies shall not crosse us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Vndertake it?

I am not us'd to complement, Ile owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your Lordship,
Compose me as you please, and when y'ave made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally, one word my Lord, I had rather
Live in the prison still, then be a propensity
To advance his politicke ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion.

Cas. So, so, I see *Demetrius* heeles already
Trip'd up, and Ile dispatch him out oth' way,
Which gone, I can depose this at my leasure
Being an Impostor, then my sonne stands faire,
And may peece with the Princeesse, we lose time,
What thinke you, if we first surprize the Court,
While you command the Castle, we shall curbe
All opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaime him first.

The Coronation.

I have some faction, the people love me,
They gain'd to us, weele fall upon the Court.

Cas. Vnlesse *Demetrius* yeeld himselfe he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call treason sinne, when it succeeds?

Exeunt Omnes

Enter Sophia and Charilla.

Cha. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatnesse of your soule, with the expence
Of too much griefe, for that which providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state
Above your tender bearing.

Sop. That's a foole,
And canst not reach the spirit of a Lady,
Borne great as I was, and made onely lesse
By a too cruell destiny, above
Our tender bearing? what goes richer to
The composition of man, then ours?
Our soule as free, and spacious, our heart's
As great, our will as large, each thought as active,
And in this onely man more proud then wee,
That would have us lesse capable of Empire,
But search the stories, and the name of Queene
Shines bright with glory, and some precedents
Above maas imitation.

Cha. I grant it
For the honour of our sex, nor have you, Madam,
By any weakenesse forfeited command,
He that succeeds, in justice, was before you,
And you have gain'd more in a royall brother
Then you could lose by your resign of *Empire*.

Sop. This I allow *Charilla*, I ha done;
Tis not the thought I am deposd afflicts me,
At the same time I feele a joy to know
My Brother living: no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Cha. Vertue forbid.

Sop. Canst finde me out a Surgeon for that?

Cha. For what?

Sop.

The Coronation.

Sop. My bleeding fame.

Cha. Oh doe not injure
Your owne cleare innocence.

Sop. Doe not flatter me,
I have beene guilty of an act, will make
All love in women questioned, is not that
A blot upon a Virgins name?, my birth
Cannot extenuate my shame, I am
Become the staine of *Epire*.

Cha. Tis but
Your owne opinon, Madam, which presents
Something to fright your selfe, which cannot
Be in the same shape so horrid to our sense,

Sop. Thou woud'st but canst not appeare ignorant,
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdome, take
Notice I lov'd *Lisimachus*?

Cha. True Madam.

Sop. No. I was false
Though counfeld by my Father to affect him,
I had my politicke ends upon *Cassander*,
To be absolute Queene, flattering his son with hopes
Of love and marriage, when that very day
I blush to thinke I wrong'd *Lisimachus*,
That noble Gentleman, but heaven punish'd me;
For though to know *Demetrius* was a blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my dishonour.

Cha. Madam, you yet may recompence *Lisimachus*,
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him whom then you lov'd not, if you can
Finde any gentle passion in your soule
To entertaine his thought, no doubt his heart,
Though sad, retaines a noble will to meet it,
His love was firme to you, and cannot be
Vnrooted with one storme.

Sop. He will not sure
Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd him,
Although my soule doth weepe for't, and is punish'd
To love him above the world.

The Coronation.

Enter Lisimachus.

Chs. Hees here

As fate would have him reconcild, be free,
And speake your thoughts.

Lis. If Madam I appeare
Too bold, your charity will signe my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the duty of an humble visite.

Sop. You doe not mocke me sir.

Lis. I am confident
You thinke me not so lost to manners, in
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me
Such rudenesse, I have nothing to present,
But a heart full of wishes for your health,
And what else may be added to your happinesse.

Sop. I thought you had beene sensible.

Lis. How Madam?

Sop. A man of understanding, can you spend
One prayer for me, remembring the dishonour
I have done *Lisimachus*?

Lis. Nothing can deface that part of my
Religion in me, not to pray for you.

Sop. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too, indeed I have a soule
Is full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to give't a name.

Lis. What Madam?

Sop. Love, a love that should redeeme
My past offence, and make me white againe.

Lis. I hope no sadnesse can possesse your thoughts
For me, I am not worthy of this sorrow,
But if you meane it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of charity,
To keepe me still alive, be your selfe Madam,
And let go cause of mine, be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes, my name's not worth
The least of all your teares.

Sop.

The Coronation.

Sop. You thinke em counterfeit.

Lis. Although I may
Suspect a womans smile hereafter, yet
I would beleeve their wet eyes, and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.

Sop. I waite it.

Lis. I have now
Another Mistresse.

Sop. Stay.

Lis. To whom I have made

Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate, and she deserves it Madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equall to you
Her vertue, if she but maintaine what now
She is Mistresse of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
At least in my esteeme, I may offend,
But truth shall justifie, I have not flatterd her,
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Vpon your hand, all that is good flow in you.

Exit.

Sop. Did he not say *Charilla*, that he had
Another Mistresse?

Cha. Such a sound me thought
Came from him.

Sop. Let's remove, here's too much ayre,
The sad note multiplies.

Cha. Take courage Madam,
And my advice, he has another Mistresse,
If he have twenty, be you wise, and crosse him
With entertaining twice as many servants,
And when he sees your humour heele returne,
And sue for any Livery, grieve for this,
It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has
Taken his heart, she live my rivall,
How does the thought inflame me.

The Coronation.

Cha. Polidora?

Sop. And yet she does but justly, and he too;
I would have rob'd her of *Arcadius* heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me,
But something will rebell.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, Lisander.

De. The house is desolate, none comes forth to meete us,
Shees slow to entertaine us, *Philocles*,
I prethee tell me, did she weare no cloud
Vpon her brow, wast freely that she said
We should be welcome.

Phi. To my apprehension,
Yet tis my wonder she appeares not.

Lisa. She nor any other,
Sure there's some conceite
To excuse it.

Dem. Stay, who's this? observe what followes?

Phi. Fortune? some maske to entertaine you sir.

*Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth,
Health, and Pleasure.*

For. Not yet? what silence doth inhabite here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome!
Fortune the genious of the world, have we
Descended from our pride, and state to come
So farre attended with our darlings, Youth
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place? call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fa. What would great Fortune?

For. Know,
Who dwels here.

Fa. Once more I report great Queene,
This is the house of Love.

For. It cannot be,
This place has too much shade, and lookes as if
It had beene quite forgotten of the Spring,
And sunne beames Love, affect society
And heate, here all is cold as the haire of Winter,

The Coronation.

No harmony to catch the busie eare
Of passengers, no object of delight,
To take the wandring eyes, no song, no grone
Of Lovers, no complaint of Willow garlands,
Love has a Beacon upon his palace top
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrime
To rest, and dwell with him, I see no fire
To threaten, or to warme, can Love dwell here?

Fa. If there be noble love upon the world,
Trust Fame, and finde it here.

For. Make good your boast
and bring him to us.

De. What does meane all this?

Lisa. I told you sir we should have some device,

Enter Love.

There's *Cupid* now, that little Gentleman,
Has troubled every masque at Court this seven yeare.

Dem. No more.

Love. Welcome to Love, how much you honor me!
It had become me, that upon your summons
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune,
But since you have vouchsafed to visite me;
All the delights Love can invent, shall flow
To entertaine you, Musicke through the ayre
Shoote your inticing harmony.

For. We came to dance and revell with you

Lov. I am poore

In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honor Love.

Dance.

Enter Honour.

Hon. What intrusion's this?

Whom doe you seeke here.

Lov. Tis Honour.

For. He's my servant.

Lov. Fortune is come to visit us.

Hon. And has

Corrupted Love, is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both waite, to betray her thus

To

The Coronation.

To Fortunes triumph, take her giddy wheele,
And be no more companion to honour.
I blush to know thee, whole beleeve there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?

Low. I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it, this
Proud forcereffe, from whom, and all her charmes,
I flye agen to Honour, be my guard,
Without thee I am lost and cannot boast,
The merit of a name.

For. Dispis'd? I shall
Remember this affront.

Dem. What morral's this? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Honour with the Crowne upon a
mourning Cushion.*

What melancholly object strikes a suddaine
Chillnesse through all my veines, and turnes me Ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first pledge of her insuing greatnesse,
Why in this mourning livery, if she live
To whom I sent it? ha, what shape of sorrow?

Enter Polidora in mourning.

It is not *Polidora*, she was faire
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a blacke, if thou beest *Polidora*,
Why mournes my love? it neither does become
Thy fortune nor my joyes.

Pol. But it becomes
My griefes, this habit fits a funerall,
And it were sinne, my Lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.

Dem. And I yet living? can
A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
Enjoy a life for thee? who can deserve
Wei gh'd with thy living comforts, but a peice
Of all this Ceremony? give him a name

Pol. He was *Arcadium*.

Dem.

The Coronation.

Dem. *Arcadius?*

Pol. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearely once,
And does compell these poore, and fruitlesse drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,
To imbalme him twice.

Dem. And are you sure he's dead?

Pol. As sure as you're living sir, and yet
I did not close his eyes, but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius*,
He was a man so rich in all that's good,
At least J thought him so, so perfect in
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a Prince, Nature her selfe
Till his creation wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but tryall of the rest,
To mould him excellent.

Dem. And is he dead?

Come, shame him not with praises, recollect
Thy scattered hopes, and let me tell my best,
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee.

Pol. Lives, where?

Dem. Looke here.

Am not I worth your knowledge?

Pol. And my duty,
You are *Demetrius* King of *Epire*, sir.
I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my heart.

Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still hath fed upon thy memory,
These honours, and additions of state
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange,
Let me not lose my entertainment now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height,
Beneath which, I did blush to aske thy love.

Pol. Give me your pardon sir, *Arcadius*,
At our last meeting without argument
To move him more then his affection to me;

The Coronation.

Vow'd he did love me; love me bove all women,
And to confirme his heart was truly mine,
He wish'd, I tremble to remember it,
When he forsooke his *Polidora's* love,
That Heaven might kill his happinesse on earth:
Was not this nobly said, did not this promise
A truth to shame the Turtles?

Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy coustant Lover.

Pol. Give me your leave I pray, I would not say
Arcadius was perjur'd, but the same day
Forgetting all his promises, and oathes,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsooke me,
Doe not remember this too, gave his faith
From me, transported with the noyse of greatnesse,
And would be marryed to a Kingdome.

Dem. But heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.

Pol. It was not vertue
In him, for sure he found no checke, no sting
In his owne bosome, but gave freely all
The reines to blind ambition.

Dem. I am wounded,
The thought of thee ith' throng of all my j. yes,
Like poyson powr'd in Nectar, turnes me franticke,
Deare, if *Arcadius* have made a fault,
Let not *Demetrius* be punishd for't,
He pleads that ever will be constant to thee.

Pol. Shall I beleeve mans flatteries agen,
Lose my sweete rest, and peace of thought agen,
Be drawne by you, from the streight paths of vertue
Into the maze of Love.

Dem. I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me
If I have either soule, but what's containd
Within these words, or if one sillable
Of their full force, be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled, from thy pardon,

The Coronation.

Ile count my Coronation, and that houre
Fix with a rubricke in my Calender,
As an auspicious time to entertaine
Affaires of weight with Princes, thinke who now
Intreats thy mercy, come thou sha't be kinde,
And divide titles with me

Pol. Heare me fir,

I lov'd you once for vertue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be wonnē
From my truth, and innocence with any
Motives of state to affect you,
Your bright temptation mournēs while it staies here
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me, so court my opinion backe,
Were you no King, I should be sooner drawne
Againe to love you, but tis now too late,
A low obedience shall become me best:
May all the joyes I want
Still waite on you, if time hereafter tell you
That sorrow for your fault hath stricke me dead,
May one soft teare drop from your eye, in pittie
Bedew my heartse, and I shall sleepe securely
I have but one word more for goodnesse sake,
For your owne honour fir correct your passion
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you.

Exit.

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warme prayers
Thaw it to any softnesse.

Phi. Ile fetch her fir againe.

Dem. Perswade her not.

Phi. You give your passion too much leave to triumph.
Seeke in another what she denies.

Enter Macarius

Mac. Where's the King? oh fir, you are undone,
A dangerous treason is a foote.

Dem. What treason?

Mac. *Cassander*, and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd
Another King, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder brother, he that was,

The Coronation.

But this morning prisoner in the Castle.

Dem. Ha?

Mac. The easie *Epirotes*

Gather in multitudes to advance his title,

They have seased upon the Court, secure your person.

Whilst we raise power to curbe this insurrection.

Ant. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not arme one man,

Speake it agen, have I a brother living?

And must be no King.

Mac. What meanes your grace?

Dem. This newes doth speake me happy, it exalts

My hearr, and makes me capable of more

Then twenty Kingdomes.

Phi. Will you not sit, stand

Vpon your guard?

Dem. Ile stand upon my honour,

Mercy releives me.

Lisa. Will you lose the Kingdome?

Dem. The worlds too poore to bribe me, leave

Me all, lest you extenuate my fame, and I

Be thought to have redeemed it by your counsell,

You shall not share one scruple in the honour;

Titles may set a glosse upon our name,

But vertue onely is the soule of Fame.

Mac. He's strangely possesst Gentlemen. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Philocles, and Lisander.

Phi. **H**eres a strange turne, *Lisander.*

Lisa. Tis a Kingdome

Easily purchasd, who will trust the faith

Of multitudes?

Phi. It was his fault, that would

So tamely give his title to their mercy,

The

The new King has possession.

Lisa. And is like
To keep't, we are alone, what dost thinke of
This innovation? ist not a fine liggē?
A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new Prince into the state.

Phi. I know not how they have shuffled, but my head on't
A false card is turn'd up trump, but fates looke too't.

Enter Cassander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely.

Cas. Excellently.

Philocles, Lisander.

Phi. Lis. Your Lordships servants,
Are we not bound to heaven, for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdome.

Phi. Heaven alone
Workes miracles my Lord.

Lisa. I thinke your Lordship
Had as little hope once, to see these Princes
Revive.

Phi. Here we must place our thanks,
Next providence, for preserving
So deere a pledge.

Enter Leonatus attended.

Eub. The King.

Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our guard be doubled, give
A largesse to the Soldiers; but dismisse not
The troopes till we command.

Cas. May it please.

Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,
We have tride your faith,

Eub. Does he not speake with confidence?

Leo. My Lords, and Gentlemen, to whose faith we must
Owe next to heaven our fortune, and our safety,
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honours,
Our blood, and birth did challenge.

The Coronation.

Cas. May no time

Be registred in our annalls, that shall mention
One that had life to oppose your sacred person,

Leo. Let them whose titles forg'd and flaw'd suspect
Their states security, our right to *Epire*,
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper, treason has
No face so blacke to fright it, all my cares
Levell to this, that I may worthily
Manage the province, and advance the honour
Of our deere Country, and be confident,
If an expence of blood, may give addition
Of any happinesse to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoyce
To make my selfe a ghost, to have inscrib'd
Vpon my marble, but whose cause I dyed for.

Enb. May Heaven avert such danger.

Cas. Excellent Prince,

In whom we see the Coppy of his Father
None but the sonne of *Theodosius*,
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. You are pleas'd to interpret well,
Yet give me leave to say in my owne justice,
I have but exprest the promptnesse of my soule
To serve you all, but tis not empty wishes
Can satisfie our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an *Atlas* double, a Kings name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance,
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The barke, and outskiane of a common wealth,
Or state, have eyes but ravish'd with the Ceremony
That must attend a Prince, and understand not
What cares allay the glories of a Crowne,
But good Kings finde and feele the contrary,
You have tride, my Lord, the burden, and can tell
It would require a Pilote of more yeares
To steere this Kingdome, now impos'd on me,
By justice of my birth.

Cas. I wish not life,

Cas.

The Coronation.

But to partake those happy dayes, which must
Succeed these faire proceedings, we are blest,
But sir be sparing to your selfe, we shall
Hazard our joyes in you too soone, the burden
Of state affaires impose upon your counsell.
Tis fitter that we waste our lives then you,
Call age too soone upon you with the trouble,
And cares that threaten such an undertaking,
Preserve your youth.

Leo. And choose you our protector,
Is't that you would conclude my Lord? We will
Deserve our subjects faith for our owne sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helme.

Enter Messenger.

Phi. How observ'd you that,
Marke how *Cassander's* planet strucke.

Eub. He might have lookd more calmly for all that
I begin to feare; but doe not yet seeme troubled.

Leo. With what newes travailes his hast? I must secure
My selfe betimes, not be a King in jest,

And weare my crowne a tenant to their breath.

Cas. *Demetrius* sir, your brother,
With other traytors that oppose your claimes,
Are fled to the Castle of *Nestorius*
And fortifie.

Mes. I said not so my Lord.

Cas. He have it thought so, hence. *Exit Messen.*

Leo. Plant forces to batter
The wals, and in their ruine bring us word
They live not.

Eub. Good sir heare me. *Cas.* Let it worke,
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrowne
This swolne impostor, and my sonne be faire
To peice with young *Sophia*, who I heare
Repents her late affront.

Eub. Their lives may doe
You service, let not blood staine your beginnings:
The people not yet warme in their allegiãce,
May thinke it worth their tumult to revenge it

With

The Coronation.

With hazard of your selfe.

Leo. Who dares but thinke it?

Yet offer first our mercy, if they yeeld,

Demetrius must not live, my Lord your counsell,

What if he were in heaven?

Cas. You have my consent,

You shannot stay long after him,

Leo. *Sophia* is

Not my sister,

To prevent al that may indanger us, wee'll marry her

That done no matter though we stand discover'd,

For in her title then we are King of *Epire*,

Without dispute.

Cas. Hum? in my judgement fir,

That wonot doe so well.

Leo. Whats your opinion?

Cas. He countermines my plot: are you so cunning

Leo. Whats that you mutter fir?

Cas. I mutter fir?

Leo. Best say I am no King, but some impostor

Rais'd up to gull the state.

Cas. Very fine to have said within

Few houres you'd beene no King, nor like to be,

Was not in the compasse of high treason

I take it.

Eub. Restraine your anger, the Kings mov'd, speake not,

Cas. I will speake louder, doe I not know him?

That selfe same hand that rais'd him to the throne

Shall plucke him from it, is this my reward?

Leo. Our guard, to prison with him,

Cas. Me to prison?

Leo. Off with his head.

Cas. My head?

Eub. Vouchsafe to heare me, great sir.

Cas. How dares he be so insolent?

I ha wrought my selfe into a fine condition,

Dee know me Gentlemen?

Phi. Very well my Lord;

How

The Coronation.

How are we bound to heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdome.

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counsell did never blast a Princes eares.

Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,
Nestorius house, where our proud brother has
Enscold himselfe, theyle entertaine him lovingly,
He will be a good addition to the traitors,
Obey me or you dye for't, what are Kings
When subjects dare affront em.

Cas. I shall vex
Thy soule for this.

Leo. Away with him, when Kings
Frowne, let offenders tremble, this flowes not
From any crusty in my nature, but
The fate of an usurper, he that will
Be confirm'd great without just title to it,
Must lose compassion, know whats good, not doe it.

Exeunt.

Enter Polidora and her servant.

Ser. Madam, the Princessse *Sophia*.

Pol. I attend her highnesse.

Enter Sophia.

How much your grace honours your humble servant

Sop. I hope my brother's well.

Pol. I hope so too Madam.

Sop. Doe you but hope? he came to be your guest.

Pol. We are all his whilst he is pleas'd to honour
This poore rooffe with his royall presence Madam.

Sop. I came to aske your pardon *Polidora*,

Pol. You never Madam trespas'd upon me,
Wrong not your goodnesse.

Sop. I can be but penitent,
Vnlesse you point me out some other way
To satisfie.

Pol. Deere Madam doe not mocke me.

Sop. there is no injury like that to love,
I finde it now in my owne sufferings,

The Coronation.

But though I would have rob'd thee of *Arcadius*
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And punish'd me in those joyes you have found,
I read the story of my losse of honour,
Yet can rejoyce, and heartily, that you
Have met your owne agen.

Pol. Whom doe you meane?

Sop. My brother.

Pol. He is found to himselfe and honour,
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Lov'd him as you did Madam, with desire
To be made his, reason, and duty since,
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Looke on him without any wish of more
Then to be call'd his subject.

Sop. Has he made
Himselfe lesse capable by being King.

Pol. Of what?

Sop. Of your affection.

Pol. With your pardon Madam,
Love in that sence you meane, lest *Polidora*
When he forsooke *Arcadius*, I disclaime
All ties betweene us, more then what a name
Of King must challenge from my obedience.

Sop. This does confirme my jeasousie, my heart,
For my sake Madam, has he lost his vallue?

Pol. Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other cause, or person,
This argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed a fresh, we may change this
Discourse, I would elect some subject, whose
Prayes may more delight your care then this
Can mine; let's talke of young *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Ha? my presaging feares.

Pol. How does your grace?

Sop. Well, you were talking of *Lisimachus*,
Pray give me your opinion of him.

Pol.

The Coronation.

Pol. Mine?

It will be much short of his worth, I thinke him
A gentleman so perfect in all goodnesse,
That if there be one in the world deserves
The best of women, heaven created him,
To make her happy.

Sop. You have in a little, Madam,
Exprest a Volume of mankind, a miracle,
But all have not the same degree of faith,
He is but young.

Pol. What mistresse would desire
Her servant old? he has both Spring to please
Her eye, and Sommer to returne a harvest.

Sop. He is blacke.

Pol. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she thats faire will love him, faint complections
Betray effeminate mindes, and love of change,
Two beauties in a bed, compound few men,
He's not so faire to counterfeite a woman,
Nor yet so blacke, but blushes may betray
His modesty.

Sop. His proportion exceeds not.

Pol. That praises him, and well compacted frame
Speakes temper, and sweet flow of elements,
Vast buildings are more oft for shew then use,
I would not have my eyes put to the travell
Of many acres, ere I could examine
A man from head to foote, he has no great,
But he may boast, an elegant composition.

Sop. Ile heare no more, you have so farre outdone
My injuriēs to you, that I call backe
My penetence, and must tell *Polidora*,
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soule to heare, and forgive this?
In what shade doe I live? or shall I thinke
I have not at the lowest enough merit,
Setting aside my birth, to poyze with yours,
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up

The Coronation.

My owne defence, and tell this unjust Lady
So great a Winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there is something nature planted;
That carries as much bloome, and spring upon't
As yours, what flame is in your eye, but may
Finde competition here (forgive agen
My Virgin honour,) what is in your lip,
To tice the enamour'd soule, to dwell with more
Ambition then the yet unwithered blush
That speakes the innocence of mine.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh brother?

Dem. Ile talke with you anon, my *Polidora*;
Allow thy patience till my breath recover
Which now comes laden with the richest newes
Thy care was ever blest with.

Sop. Both your lookes,
And voyce expresse some welcome accident.

De. Guesse what in wish could make me fortunate:
And heaven hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

Sop. What meanes this extasie?

Dem. Twere sinne to busie
Thy thoughts upon't, Ile tell thee that I could
Retaine some part, tis too wide a joy
To be exprest so soones, and yet it falls
In a few sillables, thou wot scarce beleewe me,
I am no King.

Sop. Hows that!

Pol. Good heaven forbid.

De. Forbid? Heaven has releiv'd me with a mercy;
Iknew not how to aske, I have they say
An elder brother living, crown'd already,
I onely keepe my name *Demetrius*,
Without desire of more addition,
Then to returne thy servant.

Pol. You amaze me,
Can you rejoyce to be deposd?

Dem. It but

The Coronation.

Translates me to a fairer and better Kingdome
In *Polidra*.

Pol. Mee?

Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no King you could be drawne to love
Me agen, that was consented to in Heaven,
A Kingdome first betray'd my ambitious soule
To forget thee, that, and the flattering glories,
How willingly *Demetrius* doe resigne,
The Angels know, thus naked without titles
I throw me on thy charity, and shall
Boast greater Empire to be thine agen, then
To weare the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter Masanius.

Mac. Be not so carelesse of your selfe, the people
Gather in multitudes, to your protection
Offering their lives, and fortunes, if they may.
But see you sir, and heare you speake to em,
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruine.

Sop. Be not desperate, tis counsell.

Dem. You trouble me with noyse, speake *Polidora*.

Pol. For your owne sake preserve your selfe,
My feares distraet my reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord *Lisimachus*

With something that concernes your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His soule is honest, be not sir a madman,
And for a Lady give up all our freedoms. *Exit.*

Pol. Ile say any thing here *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Deare brother heare him.

Enter Lisimachus.

Lis. Sir, I come to yeeld

My selfe your prisoner, if my father have
Raids an Impostor to supplant your title
Which I suspect, and inwardly doe bleed for,
I shall not onely by the tender of

The Coronation.

My selfe declare my innocence, but either
By my unworthy life secure your person,
Or by what death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected treason.

Sop. Brave young man,
Did you not heare him brother?

Lif. I am not minded.

Pol. Be witnesse Madam, I resigne my heart
It never was anothers, you declare
Too great a satisfaction, I hope
This will destroy your jealousie,
Remember now your danger.

Dem. I dispise it,
What fate dares injure me?

Lif. Yet heare me sir,

Sop. Forgive me *Polidora*, you are happy,
My hopes are remov'd farther, I had thought
Lisimachus had meant you for his mistresse,
Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousie.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now tis too late,
You may be deafe, untill the Cannon make,
You finde your sence, we are shut up now by
A troupe of Horse, thanke your selfe.

Pol. They will
Admit conditions.

Sop. And allow us quarter. *a shout within.*

Pol. We are all lost,

Dem. Be comforted.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Newes my Lord *Cassander* sent by the new King.
To beare us company.

Dem. Not as prisoner?

Ant. It does appeare no otherwise, the souldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noyse
Of scorne, and joy to see him so rewarded.

Dem. It cannot be.

Ant.

The Coronation.

Ant. Youle finde it presently,
He causes the new King, talkes treason gainst him
As nimble as he were in's shirr, he's here.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Oh let me beg untill my knees take roote
Ith' earth, sir, can you pardon me?

Dem. For what?

Cas. For Treason, desperate, most malicious treason
I have undone you sir.

Dem. It does appeare
You had a will.

Cas. Ile make you all the rēcompēcē I can,
But ere you kill me heare me, know the man,
Whom I to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd
To your throne, is an impostor, a meere counterfeit,
Eubulus sonne.

Exit Anti.

Dem. It is not then our brother?

Cas. An insolent usurper, proud, and bloodydy
Seleucus, is no leprosie upon me?

There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act, I have not in
My stocke of blood to satisfie with weeping,
Nor could my soule though melted to a flood
Within me, gush out teares to wash my staine off.

Dem. How? an Impostor, what will become on's now?
We are at his mercy.

Cas. Sir, the peoples hearts
Will come to their owne dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse my selfe, and suffer for it,
Have courage then young King, thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.

Dem. Rise, our misfortune
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with vertue, weele expect
What providence will doe.

Cas. You are too mercifull.

Lisi. Our duties shall beg heaven still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley sir.

Lisi.

The Coronation.

Lis. 'Tis not amisse to heare their proposition.

Pol. Ile waite upon you.

Dem. Thou art my angell, and canst best instruct me,
Boldly present our selves, you'le with *Cassander*.

Cas. And in death be blest

To finde your charity.

Exit

Sop. *Lisimachus*,

Lis. Madam.

Sop. They will not misse your presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.

Lis. I waite your pleasure.

Sop. Sir I have a suite to you.

Lis. To me? it must be granted.

Sop. If you have

Cancell'd your kinde opinion of me,
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart. I beg the name
Of your new Mistresse.

Lis. You shall know her Madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the Court agen, I hope youle bring
No mutiny against her, but this is
No time to talke of Love, let me attend you.

Sop. I must expect, till you are pleas'd to satisfie
My poore request, conduct me at your pleasure.

E.

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lisander, Philocles.

Leo. They are too slow, dispatch new messengers,
To entreat em fairely hither, I am extasied,
Were you witnesse for me too, is it possible
I am what this affirms, true *Leonatus*,
And were you not my father, was I given
In trust to you an Infant?

Eub. 'Tis a truth,
Our soule's bound to acknowledge, you supply'd
The absence and opinion of my sonne,
Who dyed but to make you my greater care
I know not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were,

Your

The Coronation.

Your Fathers character doth want no testimony,
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*
Will prove it selfe King *Theodosius* act,
Your royall Father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd to both his Legacies
By oath oblig'd to tetrésie, untill
Thus fairely summon'd to reveale the trust.

Eub. *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus.
To whose policy I gave this aime, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine
To batter young *Demetrius*, for it was
Your Fathers prudent jealousy, that made him
Give out your earely deaths, as if his soule
Propheci'd his owne first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you to the unsafe protection,
Of one whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make him selfe the King of *Epire*.

Bish. Your sister faire *Sophia* in your Fathers
Life, was design'd to marry with *Lisimachus*,
That guarded her, although, she us'd some art
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,
Declar'd love to *Demetrius*, which enforc'd
Macarius to discover first your brother.

Leo. No more, least you destroy agen *Leonatus*,
With wonder of his fate, are they not come yet?
Something it was, I felt within my envy
Of young *Demetrius* fortune, there were seeds
Scatterd upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of Empire, Princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd, but wherefore staves
Demetrius, and *Sophia*, at whose names
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood.

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Cassander, Lisimachus.

Eub. They are here,

Leo. Then thus I laye into their bosomes,
Nature has rectifi'd in me *Demetrius*,
The wandrings of ambition, our deere sister
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read

The Coronation.

Assurance there, the day is bigge with wonder,

Mar. What meanes all this?

Leo. *Lisimachus*, be deare to us,

Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cas. Not I,

I doe not looke for't, all this I cannot bribe

My conscience to your faction, and make

Me false agen, *Seleucus* is no sonne

Of *Theodosius*, my deare Countrymen

Correct your erring duties, and to that,

Your lawfull King, prostrate your selves, *Demetrius*

Doth challenge all your knets.

Dem. All love and duty,

Flow from me to my royall King, and brother

I am confirm'd.

Cas. You are too credulous,

What can betray your faith so much?

Leo. *Sophia*, you appeare sad, as if your will

Gave no consent to this dayes happynesse.

Sop. No joy exceeds *Sophia's* for your selfe.

Lisi. With your pardon sir, I apprehend

A cause that makes her troubled, she desires

To know what other mistresse since her late

Vnkindnesse, I have chosen to direct

My faith and service.

Leo. Another Mistresse.

Lisi. Yes sir.

Leo. And does our sister love *Lisimachus*?

Sop. Here's something would confesse.

Leo. He must not dare

To affront *Sophia*.

Cas. How my shame confounds me,

I beg your justice, without pittie on

My age.

Leo. Your penance shall be, to be faithfull

To our state hereafter.

Omnes. May you live long and happy.

Leonatus King of *Epire*.

The Coronation.

Leo. But where's your other Mistresse?

Lisi. Even here sir.

Leo. Our sister? is this another Mistresse sir?

Lisi. It holds

To prove my thoughts were so when she began

Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetnesse

Deserv'd I should esteeme her another mistresse,

Then when she cruelly forsooke *Lisimachus*,

Your pardon Madam, and receive a heart

Proud with my first devotions to serve you

Sop. In this I am crown'd agen, now mine for ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily,

Ioy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes,

Polidora's part of me.

Pol. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heaven powre full joyes upon you.

Mac. We are all blest.

There wants but one to fill your armes.

Leo. My mistresse.

And wife shall be my Country, to which I

Was in my birth contracted, your love since

Hath playd the Priest to perfect what was Ceremony

Though Kingdomes, by just titles prove our owne,

The subjects hearts doe best secure a Crowne.

Exeunt Omnes.

21/11

The Coronation.



The Epilogue.

T Here ~~is~~ ^{is} Coronation to day,
Unless your gentle votes doe crowne our Play,
If smiles appeare within each Ladies eye,
Which are the leading starres in this faire skie,
Our solemne day sets glorious, for then
We hope by their soft influence, the men
Will grace what they first shinde on, mak't appeare,
(Both) how we please, and blesse our covetous care
With your applause, more welcome then the Bells
Upon a triumph, Bonfires, or what else
Can speake a Coronation. And though I
Were late dispos'd and spoyl'd of Majesty,
By the kinde ayde of your hands, Gentlemen,
I quickly may be Crown'd a Queene agen.

FINIS.





